SEPT. 8, 1950

POINT

San Diego NEWSWEEKLY

10c

27 more men!

Exclusive!

Point Aug 25 1950

MAN FROM ETHERIA

Few San Diegans know that a small office on Adams Avenue harbors almost as much data on flying discs as the Air Forces.

There, behind a desk piled high with reports, sits a weary, heavy-jowled man who has long waged a battle with Washington to release "the truth" about mysterious sky objects. This week he produced what the Air Forces have not yet come up with: photographic evidence.

Released to the general public exclusively in POINT, one of the pix would have the Air Forces up in the air or down in the mouth: a 27-inch "aluminum" man, purportedly captured after crashing near Mexico City last spring.

Although not himself the man behind the camera, Meade Layne offers the photographs as unchallengeable proof that men of disc-tinction are real.

Layne is director of the Borderland Sciences Research Associates, and his office serves as a clearing house for disc data.

According to Layne, the pictures were suppressed in this country. Smuggled to Germany, they appeared in a Cologne newspaper. An associate in that city dispatched reproductions to Layne.

Layne's report tells him a disc appeared over Monument Valley, Arizona, at 9:45 p.m. last March 21, and was photographed by Flak Sgt. D. Ussel, of the 13th Airborne Division. Seconds later, flak rockets hit the object and it disintegrated in a shower of fireworks.

minor POINTS

State highway commissioners have named the most dangerous intersection in the county. Competition for this title has been intense.

▲ ▲ ▲

There has been one notable change in Germany since Hitler was licked. Many of its people have become five years older.

▲ ▲ ▲

An editorial writer is a man who knows everything about everything except how to write it so that people will read it.

▲ ▲ ▲

Democrats favor giving Mr. Truman some standby controls, and Republicans favor giving him some standby.

▲ ▲ ▲

The UN Assembly now includes only 59 nations, but if General MacArthur doesn't watch out, they'll make him the 60th.

▲ ▲ ▲

The distinction between a man's principles and his prejudices very often depends on who's discussing them.

▲ ▲ ▲

A convention of patriots demands that all Communists be jailed without trial. Thus, by doing it first, we'd foil Commie plans to destroy our kind of government.

▲ ▲ ▲

Now they've invented a machine that can multiply 2604 10-digit numbers in one second, but don't let your landlord get hold of one.

▲ ▲ ▲

Before fixing pay to enlisted men's dependents, every congressman should be compelled to keep his family 30 days on the scale he proposes.

Exclusive!

Point Aug 25 1960

MAN FROM ETHERIA

Few San Diegans know that a small office on Adams Avenue harbors almost as much data on flying discs as the Air Forces.

There, behind a desk piled high with reports, sits a weary, heavy-jowled man who has long waged a battle with Washington to release "the truth" about mysterious sky objects. This week he produced what the Air Forces have not yet come up with: photographic evidence.

Released to the general public exclusively in POINT, one of the pix would have the Air Forces up in the air or down in the mouth: a 27-inch "aluminum" man, purportedly captured after crashing near Mexico City last spring.

Although not himself the man behind the camera, Meade Layne offers the photographs as unchallengeable proof that men of disc-tinction are real.

Layne is director of the Borderland Sciences Research Associates, and his office serves as a clearing house for disc data.

According to Layne, the pictures were suppressed in this country. Smuggled to Germany, they appeared in a Cologne newspaper. An associate in that city dispatched reproductions to Layne.

Layne's report tells him a disc appeared over Monument Valley, Arizona, at 9:45 p.m. last March 21, and was photographed by Flak Sgt. D. Ussel, of the 13th Airborne Division. Seconds later, flak rockets hit the object and it disintegrated in a shower of fireworks.

Don't turn the page without reading the words below. There's a shocker waiting for you . . .

"About 20 silvery capsules fell to the ground," Ussel declared.

Enter the Aluminum Man.

He was sealed in one of the silver capsules that fell when a similar disc cracked up in Mexico, reported Layne's source, identified as "eye-witness G-Man McKenerich, of Phoenix."

Said McKenerich: "I was astounded by the importance of this great moment. For the first time I was seeing a being from another world. His body was covered with a shiny metal foil—presumably protection from cosmic rays."

The 27-inch man, however, was no pushover. It took five men to overpower him, according to Layne's data. Then, exhausted, the invader passed out, was put in chains and given a stimulant. (The captors, some think, had taken a stimulant too.)

The critter put up a second fruitless fight after coming to, then died suddenly—two hours from the moment of his landing.

Where did he come from? Layne has an answer:

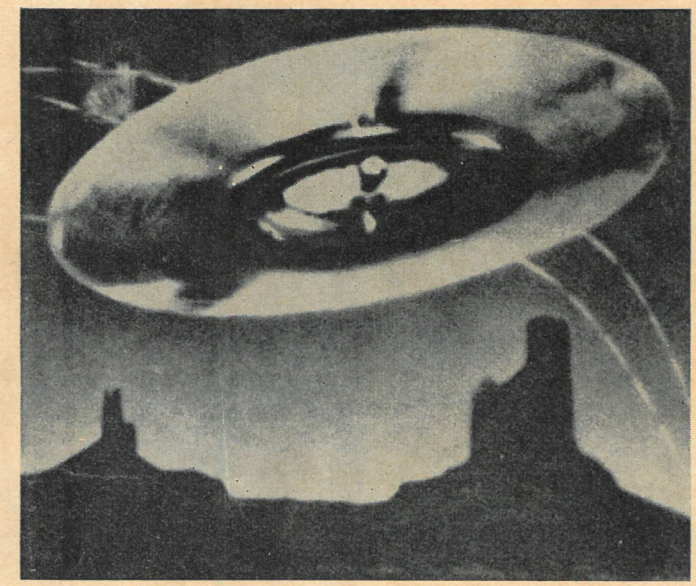
He was a man from Etheria.

Explains Layne, who has spent a lifetime probing the twilight zone between science and fiction: "We are inhabitants of a globe within the giant world of Etheria. San Diego happens to be situated smack in the center of a great Etherian lake in the heart of a great Etherian city. Why, waves are breaking over our heads at this moment."

If you wonder why we can't see or touch this world, Layne has the answer. He reasons Etheria is entirely beyond the spectra of sound, of sight, of touch.

Peering at you with gentle eyes, Layne rounds out this theory: "The Etherians keep archives on dying civilizations, such as ours. They send out so-called flying saucers to reconnoiter and

This Is the 'Evidence'



Over Arizona, seconds before the crash

collect information. Why, they are so far in advance of us technologically, they merely "think" a disc into existence—and there it is."

Although Rand-McNally has not yet shown interest in mapping Etheria, Layne is prepared for skeptics.

"Remember," he says pointedly. "They called Galileo crazy in his time."

Plainclothesmen escort 27-inch "disc jockey" from the scene of his wrecked space ship. ⟿

PHOTOS COURTESY THE SPHYNX AND BORDERLAND SCIENCES RESEARCH ASSOCIATES

Before or during that hearing—when did our councilmen really make up their minds? . . . And what is your landlord planning?

The Decontrol Jitters

Apartment Association leaders remained calm this week, advising rank-and-file members to exercise restraint. But victory was having its usual effect on discipline, and the looting had begun. Lesser landlords had already broken ranks, upped rents without awaiting word from Washington, and Heaven-on-Earth tenants were beginning to feel the decontrol jitters.

Rent-increase notices are unlawful, pending formalities in Washington, said expediter Karl Edmunds. There were some who did not hear him.

First complaints came from an East San Diego neighborhood where three tenants had been notified of substantial boosts.

A $35 rental went to $60; a $34 ceiling moved up to $52.50; a $32.50 rental whooped up to an even $100.

Quarters already decontrolled supplied a faster thermometer of impending increases elsewhere. A Mr. and Mrs. Paul Bouton, paying $80 a month to a motel on La Jolla Ave., were notified at breakfast that the rent had gone up overnight—from $80 a month to $30 a week, $130 monthly.

Coronado, with decontrol effected months ago, showed astonishing boosts. Inspecting in person, expediter Edmunds found that on one 7-room frame house, old and in bad condition, the tariff had soared from $65 to $170—the new figure including a $20 charge for "gardening." Possible explanation, said Edmunds: previously, many a Coronado tenant had escaped to areas under control. Now that tenants had no area to escape to, some landlords were applying the full treatment.

Ranking Navy families, long the elite of transbay tenants,

atomic and hydrogen weapons. The release of nuclear energies would damage their world as well as ours, and they won't stand for that."

They are already taking a hand to head off this war, he discloses. The earthquake that shook the world three weeks ago and leveled peaks of the Himalayas was Etherian doings. The temblor was not only a general warning to the world, he says, but also executed to destroy mountain passages to keep the Russians from crossing into other lands.

"This is the eleventh hour," he adds forlornly. "But people won't listen."

Fox Gets the Point

Friendly, scrappy Robert R. Berkun, owner of the Ken Theater in Kensington, knew all along that San Diego wasn't big enough to support two art cinemas. This week Fox West Coast had to agree with him.

Fox's Egyptian, after summertime competition, admitted defeat, abandoned foreign arts films.

Soon after the Egyptian switched from cowboys to culture, POINT (July 7) published the story of Berkun's three-year struggle to sharpen San Diego palates for imports. Then Fox stepped up to cash in.

"As a result of that story," said Berkun, "patrons began coming to the Ken out of loyalty alone. Still, my business fell off tremendously, and it looked for awhile that I would have to retire from the field."

Instead, Fox found itself Berkun up the wrong tree.

Man Against Man

The names were familiar—Tyrone Power, Martha Scott, Richard Widmark, Faye Emerson, Walter Hampden. The theme, too, was familiar—man against man. Both stars and theme were wrapped up in a new radio series to start September 13 entitled, "The New Frontier of Human Freedom." Aired over KGB under local sponsorship of the Civic Unity Council of the Community Welfare Council (chairman, Armistead Carter), the series will bow in with Ezra Stone as the lead in a story of discrimination in higher education. Broadcast time: 9:30 p.m.

Eddy Orcutt

Since the picture of me that POINT introduced last week, I have been trying to improve my appearance a little, and yesterday my cosmetologist moved to Los Angeles, where she will enter the wholesale pipe & machinery supply business in the Biltmore Hotel. So last night, frying up a few pitiful roots and herbs in my pressure cooker for supper, was about my first opportunity to relax and collect my thoughts.

These thoughts of mine seem to center around that letter that the anonymous lady wrote us last week about Draft headquarters.

". . . small, dark, crowded," the lady's letter said, "on the upstairs floor of a dingy building, on an out-of-the-way street.

". . . Here a man comes to offer his life to the United States of America—or his eyesight, his right arm, his wife and children and home and job, and his hope of happiness.

"Could we here in San Diego offer him at least a dignified and spacious place in which to make his contract?" her letter asked. . . . "decent furniture, flowers, floor covering, maybe even a single American flag somewhere on the premises," it suggested.

That letter was eloquent, I thought, and restrained and bitter and heartbroken. . . . But my own thoughts have kept mulling around with a few words that are not eloquent at all. "Could we here in San Diego . . ." That was how her question began, and those are the words that keep milling around in my mind. And if

EC

minor POINTs

When somebody urges the horny-handed sons of toil to work harder and produce more, he's generally a guy whose only callouses came off the seat of a swivel-chair.

▲ ▲ ▲

And we still can't seem to manage to make Labor Day a holiday for traffic cops and hospital internes.

▲ ▲ ▲

Teacher Found Alive, says a headline. But the press is always making discoveries that haven't yet been verified by science.

▲ ▲ ▲

To obtain a fine show of righteous indignation, merely combine a just grievance with a touch of acid indigestion.

▲ ▲ ▲

The millennium is not practical yet. Mr. Pegler hasn't finished airing his dissatisfaction with Mrs. Roosevelt's great-grandfather.

▲ ▲ ▲

One disadvantage of a preventive war is that an ungrateful enemy might make it look like any other kind of a war.

▲ ▲ ▲

The House has just given itself a nine-day vacation. Labor unions must not misconstrue this as a work stoppage.

▲ ▲ ▲

President Truman admits he doesn't know when the trouble in Korea will end. Looks like he'll have to get in touch with MacArthur again.

▲ ▲ ▲

When a bachelor grows lonesome for the sound of a woman's voice, he can always dial U-8900 and listen to the time-signal.

2nd Exclusive!

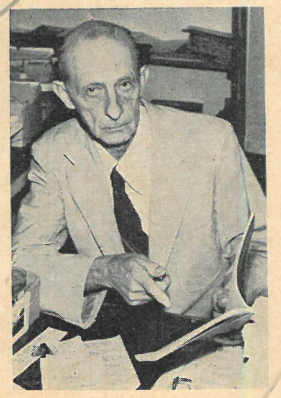
Point Sept 8 1950

MORE ON ETHERIA

Puffing a panatella in his bare Adams Avenue office, thin & scholarly Meade Layne found himself the center of controversy this week.

Question: Was the first known photograph of a flying disc-man, which he released to POINT (Aug. 25), an honest lens job, or was it a retoucher's hoax?

Layne, who is director of the Borderland Sciences Research Associates, faced the challenge by letter and even long-distance phone call. News of the 27-inch "aluminum man" (reprinted on the opposite page to meet the demand that sold out POINT's earlier issue 36 hours after publication) spread across the nation when Frank Edwards, Mutual's Washington newscaster, described him to millions of listeners.



'I'm convinced . . .'

The result: requests from all over the US poured into POINT's offices, and Layne was being pressured for more information on the land of flying saucers—Etheria.

Layne, this week, came up with something better: more pictures.

Cautions Layne, whose office has received in excess of 2000 reports of mysterious sky objects from the far-flung membership of his organization: "There seems reason for accepting these pictures as genuine. I am personally convinced that disc-shaped craft, with their operators, have made a number of landings, and that these photographs are not to be too hastily dis-

POINT MAGAZINE — 333 PLAZA — F-9-2258

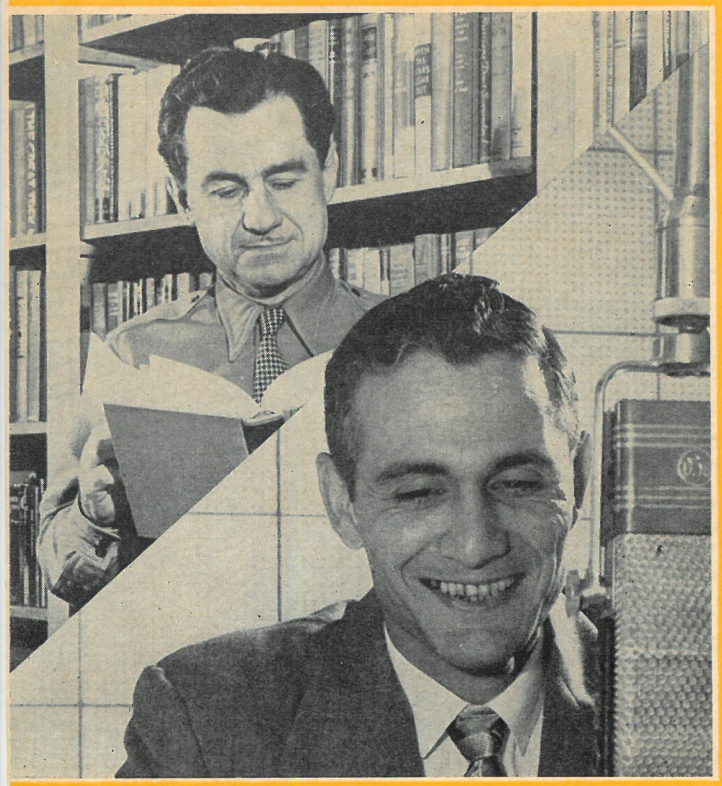
☐ 52 WEEKS.....$5.00 ☐ 30 WEEKS.....$3.00

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... Zone ..... State .....

☐ REMITTANCE ENCLOSED PLEASE BILL ME ☐



30 minutes of fine radio news reporting!

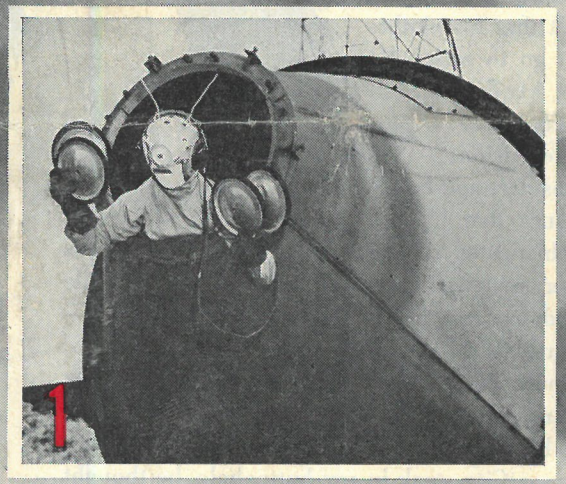
LOWELL THOMAS for Ivory Soap
8:00 p.m.

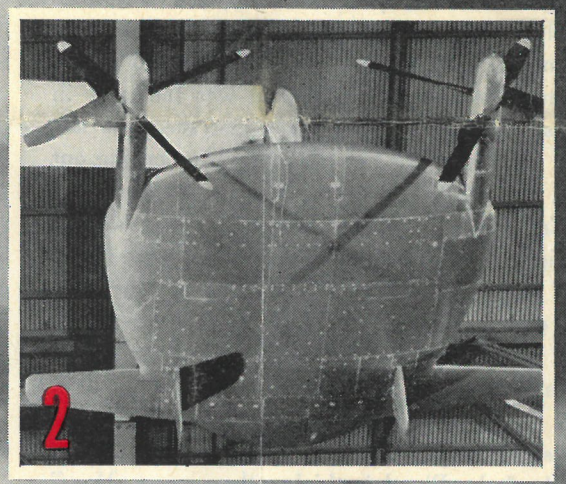
ROBERT REGAN for Zeeman's Clothing
8:15 p.m.

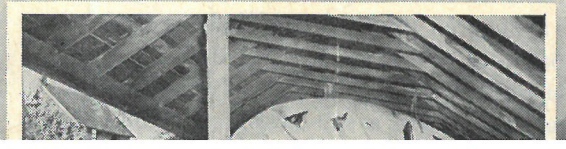
CBS in San Diego **KCBQ**

Cosmopolitan

The disgraceful Flying Saucer hoax!







It has cost millions of dollars and some lives. Our dreams have been haunted by little men from nowhere. Here is the truth about the most wild-eyed fake of our time • *By Bob Considine*

Let us say that you, as a taxpayer, were called upon to pay for every fraudulent share of oil-well and gold-mine stock sold to credulous investors in this country. Let us suppose, in addition, that you were held liable for the injuries suffered by every person whose chair was pulled from under him by a nitwit prankster.

You'd raise hell, and demand that Something Be Done!

Well, you're paying for something even less enchanting: the daily cost of running to ground every phony clue concerning the purely idiotic and wholly nonexistent "flying saucers."

Pranksters, half-wits, cranks, publicity hounds, and fanatics in general are having the time of their lives playing on the gullibility and Cold War jitters of the average citizen. It is their malicious fancy to populate the skies over America with a vessel that just does not exist—the flying saucer. And every time a newspaper or radio news bureau falls for their gag, or dementia, another legion of screwballs is mobilized. Many of the daft stories they circulate must be investigated.

Now and then the lunatic fringe in America, who could see whales in the sky if whale-seeing became the Thing To Do, gains unwarranted reassurance from respected quarters. A usually conservative radio commentator swears that there *are* flying saucers and that they are secret Navy aircraft. The conservative David Lawrence, of the *U.S. News & World Report*, solemnly assures his readers that flying saucers exist. *True* Magazine prints two widely quoted articles, one by Donald Keyhoe, one-time aeronautical expert for the Department of Commerce, and the other by a Navy commander and radar expert, testifying to the existence of such craft. Airmen (and airwomen) employed and trusted by such commercial air lines as TWA, Eastern, United, and Chicago and Southern, speak of unidentifiable winged things blazing by their ships. And Frank Scully, a Hollywood humorist whose most substantial literary effort up to that time was something called *Fun in Bed*, writes a best seller in which a mysterious "Dr. Gee" tells of grounded saucers complete with tiny men from the planet Venus. And so on.

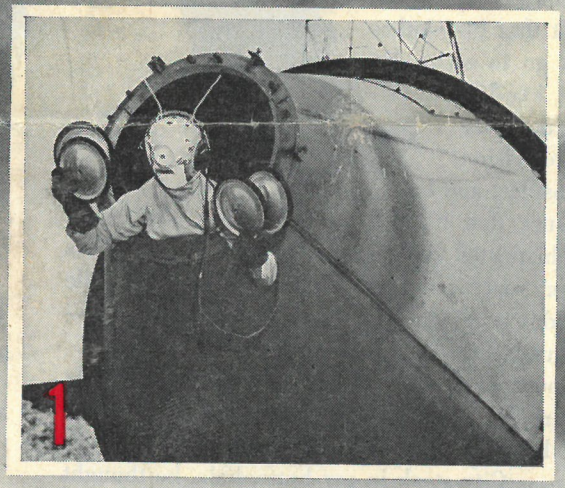
The "saucer department" of the United States Air Force, an unhappy facet of the important Air Materiel Command at Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio, feels dutybound to investigate not only the claims and warnings of responsible people but also the vagrant dreams and downright hoaxes of less respected folks.

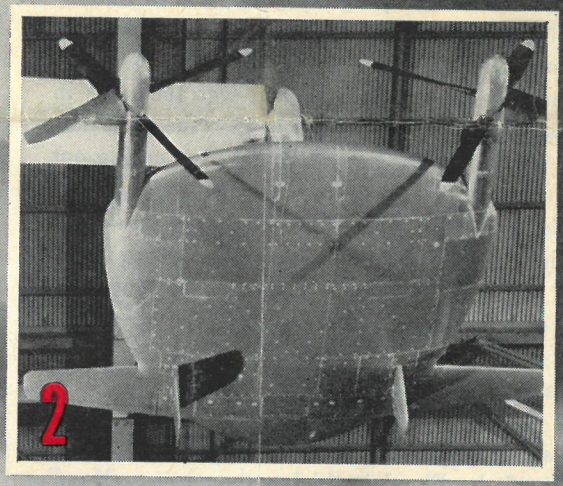
All of this has cost you an appalling amount of money since that hapless Tuesday, June 24, 1947, when a Boise, Idaho, businessman named Kenneth Arnold announced (for publication, unfortunately) that while steering his private plane around Washington's Mt. Rainier he had spotted a chain of nine saucerlike objects playing tag with the jagged peaks at "fantastic speed."

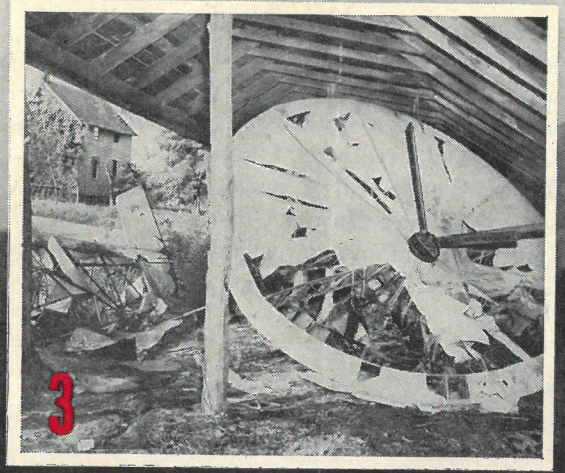
Americans as far back as Thomas Jefferson had been reporting, usually apologetically, seeing what they considered nonastronomical bodies floating or sizzling in their skies. But Arnold's report ignited a chain reaction of mass hypnotism and fraud that has taken on the guise of a prolonged "Martian Invasion" broadcast by that bizarre hambone, Orson Welles.

Cosmopolitan

The disgraceful Flying Saucer hoax!







It has cost millions of dollars and some lives. Our dreams have been haunted by little men from nowhere. Here is the truth about the most wild-eyed fake of our time • By Bob Considine

Let us say that you, as a taxpayer, were called upon to pay for every fraudulent share of oil-well and gold-mine stock sold to credulous investors in this country. Let us suppose, in addition, that you were held liable for the injuries suffered by every person whose chair was pulled from under him by a nitwit prankster.

You'd raise hell, and demand that Something Be Done!

Well, you're paying for something even less enchanting: the daily cost of running to ground every phony clue concerning the purely idiotic and wholly nonexistent "flying saucers."

Pranksters, half-wits, cranks, publicity hounds, and fanatics in general are having the time of their lives playing on the gullibility and Cold War jitters of the average citizen. It is their malicious fancy to populate the skies over America with a vessel that just does not exist—the flying saucer. And every time a newspaper or radio news bureau falls for their gag, or dementia, another legion of screwballs is mobilized. Many of the daft stories they circulate must be investigated.

Now and then the lunatic fringe in America, who could see whales in the sky if whale-seeing became the Thing To Do, gains unwarranted reassurance from respected quarters. A usually conservative radio commentator swears that there *are* flying saucers and that they are secret Navy aircraft. The conservative David Lawrence, of the *U.S. News & World Report*, solemnly assures his readers that flying saucers exist. *True* Magazine prints two widely quoted articles, one by Donald Keyhoe, one-time aeronautical adviser to the Department of Commerce, and the other by a Navy commander and radar expert, testifying to the existence of such craft. Airmen (and airwomen) employed and trusted by such commercial air lines as TWA, Eastern, United, and Chicago and Southern, speak of unidentifiable winged things blazing by their ships. And Frank Scully, a Hollywood humorist whose most substantial literary effort up to that time was something called *Fun in Bed*, writes a best seller in which a mysterious "Dr. Gee" tells of grounded saucers complete with tiny men from the planet Venus. And so on.

The "saucer department" of the United States Air Force, an unhappy facet of the important Air Materiel Command at Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio, feels dutybound to investigate not only the claims and warnings of responsible people but also the vagrant dreams and downright hoaxes of less respected folks.

All of this has cost you an appalling amount of money since that hapless Tuesday, June 24, 1947, when a Boise, Idaho, businessman named Kenneth Arnold announced (for publication, unfortunately) that while steering his private plane around Washington's Mt. Rainier he had spotted a chain of nine saucerlike objects playing tag with the jagged peaks at "fantastic speed."

Americans as far back as Thomas Jefferson had been reporting, usually apologetically, seeing what they considered nonastronomical bodies floating or sizzling in their skies. But Arnold's report ignited a chain reaction of mass hypnotism and fraud that has taken on the guise of a prolonged "Martian Invasion" broadcast by that bizarre hambone, Orson Welles.

The ink was barely *(Continued on page 100)*

1. *This "flying saucer" is part of an alfalfa dehydrator. "Man-from-Mars" effect is obtained by pulling a football helmet over the face and tying a glass paperweight over nose and mouth.*
2. *One of the countless experiments in aircraft design, sometimes mistaken for flying saucers.*
3. *These parts, found in a Maryland barn, were simply a farmer's attempt to build a plane.*
4. *A flying disk made of old machine parts—picture from the Air Force's secret files.*

Wide World and Guillumette

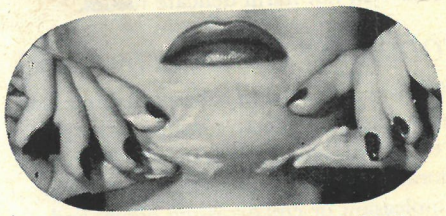
After 25 drying skin begins to show

IT'S NOTICEABLE how skin begins to *look drier* after 25. Then, natural skin softening oil starts decreasing. Then, you need a *special replacer* to offset this drying out. You need Pond's *lanolin-rich* Dry Skin Cream.

SEE BELOW how this quick *un*-drier works to soften and repair two common dry skin troubles. Begin to get this wonderful help—now!

Tense "Down-Lines" from dry skin by nose and mouth, harden your expression.

To Help Soften Lines—"Knuckle in" Pond's Dry Skin Cream, kneading firmly out, up from nostrils, mouth. Use nightly. See how this lanolin-rich cream softens that dry look.



That Matronly-Looking Sagging starts to show along your chin-line.

To Tone Up Chin-Line—"Pinch along" from point of chin to ear with lanolin-rich Pond's Dry Skin Cream. This treatment brings circulation up, and it gives this skin the lift and the *rich lubrication* it needs.

• • • • •

3 features make Pond's Dry Skin Cream effective: 1. It is rich in *lanolin*, very like the skin's own oil. 2. It is *homogenized* to soak in better. 3. It has a softening *emulsifier*. *At night:* work Pond's Dry Skin Cream in richly. *By day:* use lightly under make-up. 89¢, 49¢, 29¢, 10¢ (all plus tax.) Get *your* jar. Start this truly *remarkable* correction of dry skin today!

THE DUCHESS OF RUTLAND says, "*I've never known a cream to soften skin so beautifully as Pond's Dry Skin Cream.*"

The Disgraceful Flying Saucer Hoax! (*Continued from page 33*)

dry on Arnold's report about his apparition (he estimated that the nine bright things he saw were about twenty-five miles away, traveling at 1,200 mph) before others in this country began seeing flying "hubcaps," "dimes," "tear drops," "ice-cream cones," "pie plates," "saucers," and "disks."

From under what amounted to every old rock in the country emerged True Believers, and gagsters who, seeing a royal chance for what they considered fun, began operations. They were promptly joined by the envious. The neighbor of a man who got his name in the newspapers as one who saw a flying saucer coveted his notoriety and, in a short time, was trying to top him by spotting a *team* of saucers. It was (and is) an easy achievement to see a saucer once the mind is made up.

You can see a heavenly host of flying saucers simply by looking a bit too long at a bright sun and then looking to another part of the sky. Red corpuscles, flitting past the retina of the eye, supply the mirage. It helps, too, to begin with a touch of dyspepsia.

The nonsense of flying saucers would be as harmless as the legend of Kilroy's omnipresence if it were not an integral part of the Air Force's credo to maintain a lively interest in whatever is reported in the American skies. That's its job and, with heavy heart, it feels it cannot afford to pigeonhole any saucer report. It has sent agents from its Office of Special Investigation and enlisted the aid of the FBI on missions improbable enough to wrest a snort of derision from an editor of *Weird Comics*.

For instance, it looked into the report of a man and wife who wrote in to say that while on a hiking trip through a woods, they had detected a flying saucer "moving about" in a clump of tall, thick pines. It developed, after considerable questioning by agents who had traveled hundreds of miles to hear the story, that the couple estimated they were two or three miles away from the "saucer" and that impenetrable woods were between them and what they thought they saw.

In another case, an Ohio farmer excitedly called Air Materiel Command to give a vivid description of "two huge saucers" that had raced out of the stratosphere, hovered over two small islands in a lake near his home, lowered sixteen steel claws, scooped up samples of earth, and sped away. Agents found out that the man had been released from an insane asylum two weeks before his hallucination.

SOMETIMES many months are needed to complete the investigation of a preposterous flying-saucer story.

Late in 1949, at the nineteenth hole of Hollywood's Lakeside Country Club, film actor Bruce Cabot overheard a man named Si Newton say he knew a man who had in his possession parts of a flying saucer. The friend-of-the-friend spoke also of a "magnetic radio" taken from a grounded saucer, which had been exhibiting miraculous powers as an oil-divining rod. Cabot reported the incident to an Air Force office in Los Angeles, which relayed the tip to Wright Field, and the mechanism of an investigation began to turn.

Cabot went on location and could not be reached. Newton was vaguely known at Lakeside, but the club couldn't put the investigators in touch with him. The trails cooled, but the investigation expense remained hot, until January 6, 1950, when the Kansas City *Times* printed an interview with one Rudy Fick, giving somewhat similar details.

Fick was found and said he had seen none of these wonders but had been told about them by someone he called "Coulter." He didn't know Coulter's first name or where to reach him, but he understood he was a friend of Jack Murphy, of the Ford Company in Denver.

When the highly skeptical Murphy was questioned, "Coulter" became George Koehler, an advertising salesman for a Denver radio station. Most of the fantastic stories that Murphy had heard attributed to Koehler, had come to Murphy, he said, through a mutual friend named Morley B. Davies, of a foremost advertising agency.

Probing deeper and deeper into the maze, the investigators heard from one of the principals that he understood that parts of two grounded saucers were being held in the "United States Research Bureau" in Los Angeles. The Post Office Department's inspectors reported that there was no such place.

There now entered into the case a mysterious "Dr. Gebauer" (or Jarbrauer) from whom Koehler was said to have borrowed the "magnetic radio." He entered in name only. The Doc, as we will call him in a vain effort to simplify, was the fount of most of the stories that swirled through the case. He had been a party to many supernatural adventures, and was said to have supplied Koehler with souvenirs from a grounded saucer—several small gears and metal disks and a gadget said to be a radio that picked up occasional messages in a language not of this earth.

Murphy had seen the souvenirs, he said, and had identified the disks as standard "knockout plugs" of the kind placed in the walls of automobile engines to help prevent cracks caused by freezing. The gears were stenciled with an Arabic numeral and an arrow, but were otherwise standard. The radio, if it was one, was as silent as a clam when Murphy saw it.

Yet the story expanded. Investigators were told that Koehler had quoted the Doc as saying he (the Doc) and another "scientist" had lifted one of the grounded saucers from the place where it had crashed, but that they had hastily dropped it when it showed signs of taking off.

Investigators heard, too, that one of the saucers—said to have alighted near Aztec, New Mexico—had contained sixteen men ranging in height from thirty-six to forty-two inches. The Doc and eight other "magnetic scientists" alleged to have been called in by the Air Force were detailed to lift the charred bodies of the midgets out of the saucer ("which had a beam of 99-99/100ths feet") and examine them. Later, when another and smaller saucer "fell near Phoenix," the Doc helped to take out the crew of two little men and was quoted as saying that these, like the previous sixteen, had come from Venus. Fifteen others had parachuted to earth and "had made themselves invisible" when the Doc gave chase.

One can perhaps picture the facial

pressions of the sane and sober investigators when Davies quoted Koehler as saying that he had either seen or heard that the grounded saucers came from Venus at a speed of 100,000 miles per second. And that he (Koehler) had examined a saucer in the Doc's alleged laboratory near Phoenix, after slipping into a special one-piece examining suit that proved to be an insufficient precaution because, as he entered the place, a warning bell sounded "on account of the plate in his head."

During the bizarre inquiry, the fantastic material of which was so soon to be presented in straight-faced book form by Frank Scully, investigators had to track down a report that one of the little men had been sent to Chicago's "Rosenwald Institution," for examination. The directors of the famed Rosenwald Foundation issued an immediate and indignant denial.

For nearly six months, Air Force officers and trained civilian agents—who had been schooled for more rewarding work at a cost of hundreds of thousands of dollars—were immobilized on this preposterous case, which ended with several of the principals refusing to answer investigators' questions on "Constitutional grounds."

And nothing can be done about it!

ON JUNE 19, 1950, the Air Materiel Command received a letter from one Martin W. Peterson. Enclosed were four snapshots of a friend holding an odd object with a saucerlike body. From its thin sides, there protruded what appeared to be the tip of a spear and the fins and exhaust-pipe assembly of a miniature V-2.

Peterson was located in Warren, Minnesota. So was his friend, the saucer man—Walter Sirek, a gas-station attendant. Sirek told the investigators that he had found the strange device two years before, imbedded in the earth behind Nish's Tavern, in Warren. He had figured, he said, that it was the work of a local tinsmith named Art Jensen. Jensen, when questioned, remembered putting something of the sort together at the request of a Warren hardware man named Ted Heyen and a radio repairman named Robert Schaeffer—as a gag entry in a local newspaper "saucer contest." An acetylene torch had been played over the tail surfaces to give them the appearance of having been scorched by gases escaping from the hauntingly familiar "engine" encased in the saucer.

Heyen and Schaeffer tired of their gadget after a time and threw it away. Sirek found it. Peterson, visiting Sirek shortly thereafter, took snapshots of mounds of scrap steel and iron, burn the junk into an unrecognizable tangle, and report to the Air Force that a saucer had crashed and burned on their property. However plain the hoax, the Air Force often feels that it must take samples of the "wreckage" for study in its Wright Field laboratories or in other metallurgical centers.

And nothing can be done about such frauds. A man who pilfers a three-cent stamp from the Post Office Department can be fined and sent to a Federal prison. One who turns in a false alarm that routs out the local fire department on a Halloween night can also be jailed, as can a man who writes a check for a dollar when he has no bank funds to cover it. Yet the most callous and cynical saucer-hoaxers will continue to go scot free, with a cackle of delight, until a penal act is created to check such offenses.

There can, of course, be honest mistakes. Not even the Air Materiel Command is safe from authentic-looking mirages. Last year a radar operator at Wright Field picked up a curiously shaped object on his screen, shortly after a near-by farmer had phoned the field to report a saucer headed that way. Visual observation was not possible at the field because black smoke from the chimneys of a cement plant had settled over the area.

Jets were dispatched to chase the object. As they neared it—obscure in the smoke haze but of a vaguely different color—the radio compasses on the instrument boards of the pursuing Air Force planes spun around as if they had just passed over a radio guide beacon.

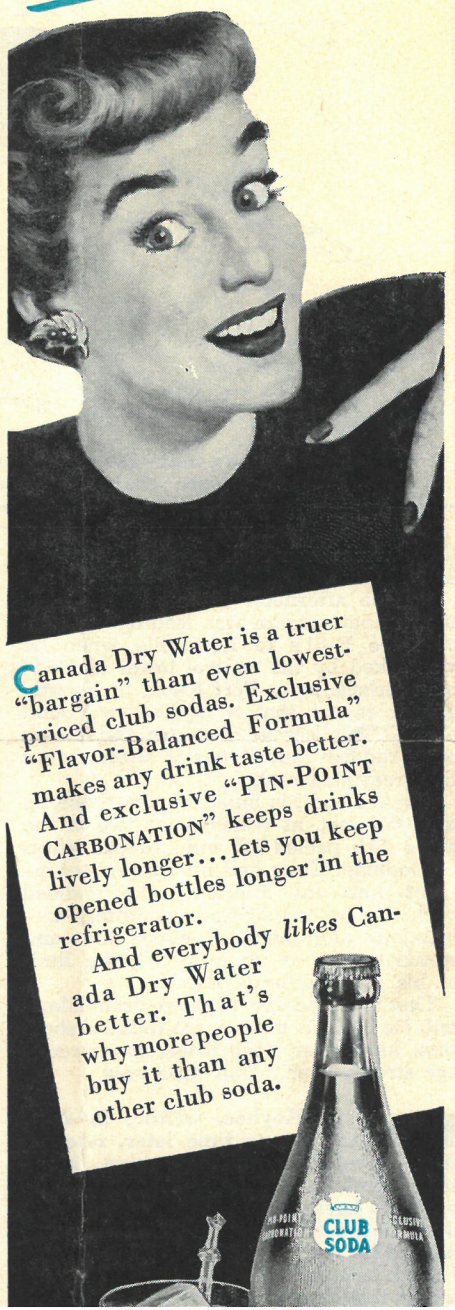
It was a magnetically charged cloud, a familiar phenomenon of the heavens and one that is always able to jar a plane's radio compass and reveal itself on a radar screen.

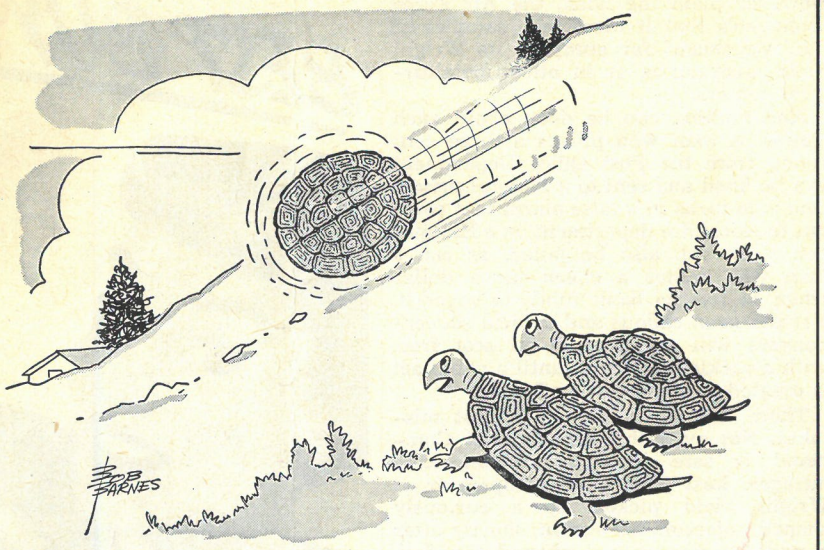
At 11:30 A.M. last August fifteenth, Nick Mariana, manager of the Great Falls, Montana, baseball club, looked up from the grandstand of the ball park and saw what he later described as two bright flying saucers, streaking across the clear Montana sky. He raced outside the park, unlocked his car, took out his home-movie camera, ran back to the stands, adjusted the camera and exposed about fifteen feet of film, aiming at that part of the sky where he had seen his saucers. He panned the camera from left to right.

The Air Force came into the case, received the film, enlarged it many times, and—sure enough—the film showed two bright disks that appeared to be streaking across the sky.

After some study, the Air Force was able to tell Mariana that the bright disks

"I BUY THE BEST BUY!"


Canada Dry Water is a truer "bargain" than even lowest-priced club sodas. Exclusive "Flavor-Balanced Formula" makes any drink taste better. And exclusive "PIN-POINT CARBONATION" keeps drinks lively longer... lets you keep opened bottles longer in the refrigerator.
And everybody likes Canada Dry Water better. That's why more people buy it than any other club soda.
CLUB SODA



"You make better time that way all right—but it sure shakes the daylights out of you!"

the strange death of Capt. Thomas F. Mantell, Jr.

On the afternoon of January 7, 1948, the combat veteran was leading a wedge of three F-51's to Louisville when he was asked by the control tower at Godman airbase, near Fort Knox, to investigate a report that a mysterious round object, "250 feet in diameter and giving off a reddish glow," was in the air over the great gold cache.

Mantell and his buddies gave chase up to 18,000 feet, at which point two of the three '51's peeled off and dropped down to Godman. They had no oxygen equipment—nor did Mantell, who radioed back that he had spotted something "tremendous and metallic" above him and would pursue it up to 20,000, the limit of his unaided lung power.

That was the last message from Mantell. He and his plane were found a short time later near Fort Knox, the wreckage strewn over a half-mile area.

DONALD F. Keyhoe, writing in *True* Magazine some time later, rejected Air Force theories concerning Mantell's death and quoted one of the F-51 pilots as saying: "It looks like a cover-up to me. I think Mantell did just what he said he would—closed in on the thing. I think he either collided with it, or more likely they knocked him out of the air. mysterious object that the flier chased to his death is still unidentified."

Keyhoe contended in his article that in view of the fact that the wreckage of Mantell's plane had been scattered over an area of a half mile it obviously had "disintegrated in mid-air."

If it had done so, the Air Force wearily answered, the plane's wreckage would have spread itself over a much greater stretch of land. A B-29 went to pieces at 30,000 feet not long ago, and its debris covered a *twenty-mile area.*

The Air Force has had to close its saucer files (which are marked "Confidential" only because no purpose could be served by revealing the names of FBI agents and its own investigators from the Office of Special Investigation) on cases other than the tragic Mantell incident. Two such cases concerned an Eastern Air Lines DC-3 and an Air National Guard F-51.

The Eastern crew reported at 2:45 A.M., July 24, 1948 (an hour after a "flaming object" was observed over Robbins Field, Macon, Georgia), that a big, wingless thing that glowed as if from a magnesium flare had shot past the DC-3 near Montgomery, Alabama. The plane's pilot, Clarence S. Chiles, former Air Transport Command man, and co-pilot, John B. Whitted, B-29 pilot during the war, agreed that the thing had a fiery plume

some air liners tend to reflect and distort ground lights, and that for a while the windshields of early F-51's were accidentally built in such a way as to cause a pilot to believe occasionally that he was seeing parts of the landscape floating in the air above him.

THE HEAVY, costly job of tracking down and disproving an average of five saucer scares a day has fallen into the patient lap of an outstanding Air Force colonel named Harold E. Watson. Watson climaxed this writer's investigation of the flying-saucer delusion and hoax by flying in from Wright Field to Washington to lay his files before me at the Pentagon.

"I've seen a lot of flying saucers," the heavily decorated and prematurely gray airman told me, with a note of weary resignation in his voice. "Chased them and caught them, too," he added. "And every single saucer turned out to be the sun or moon shining off the wing or body of a plane—the DC-4 at 12,000 feet or more is an especial offender—or a weather balloon, or sun reflections, or something else readily explainable."

Watson attributed the occasional rises in saucer-observation reports to periodical national broadcasts, scarehead magazine and newspaper articles and, last fall, to Scully's *Behind the Flying Saucers,* a book that became a best seller but that, said Watson, the authority, "made me slightly ill after fifteen pages."

Watson added, "The most ridiculous part of the whole nonsense is the spreading report that the Air Force is trying to keep something sinister from the people. We are accused of having in our possession the bodies of 'little men' from Venus, grounded saucers from outer space and from Russia, and secret saucers of our own make."

He shook his head, sadly. "I wish we *did* have a form of propulsion capable of doing all the things people attribute to saucers. It certainly would have come in handy during the war in Korea."

I asked him why he remained in command of "Project Saucer," a Wright Field unit the Air Force announced it was formally disbanding December 27, 1949.

"We're still in business," he replied, "and will stay in it as long as people insist on reporting invasions of the skies we command. But we are now able to eliminate a great number of reports. We look into only such reports as appear to be outside the spheres of regular reports we receive on scheduled and unscheduled flights of commercial and military aircraft, radar and astrological reports, balloon releases, rocket and guided-missile tests, and air-gunnery targets towed by

THE MYSTERY OF THE

Crawling Fireballs

Feb-Mar 1957

By Henry S. Galus

"ARE flying saucers real?" This question has ignited controversy in every neighborhood in the United States, bringing comments and analyses from ditch-diggers to generals to meteorological experts. The scientifically minded search back into the records, looking for authority to bolster their beliefs. In this search some may stumble upon stories of "crawling fireballs" which fascinated and terrorized Europeans at various intervals for at least 150 years — up to the early 1900's. This mystery of the "crawling fireballs" was then as much a topic of everyday wonder and discussion as the flying saucers are today.

Most of the awesome incidents occurred in France. In Marseilles, during October, 1898, an adolescent girl was seated at a table when suddenly a spherical shape of fire darted into the room, paused in the corner farthest from her and gradually moved toward her along the floor. Terror stricken she drew

back against the wall. The fireball followed her, starting to ascend close to her body. Then abruptly it changed its course, circled about her several times and shot toward the ceiling. It flung itself at a paper-covered stove-pipe hole, cleanly burning a ring in it on its way up the chimney. Minutes later a loud crash shattered the chimney top.

A similar occurrence was reported in Paris on July 5, 1852, in the shop of a tailor on the Rue Saint Jacques, near Val de Grace. This time the fireball crawled over the window sill into the room and came at the man in a floor-skimming action. Horrified, he retreated as the globe of blazing light climbed to the height of his face. It was too much for him. The tailor collapsed. A little later he revived to hear a tremendous explosion atop the shop, which scattered bits of chimney brick over surrounding rooftops. Proof that the fireball had fled up the chimney appeared again in the form of a burnt paper cover over the stove-pipe hole.

In one of a series of volumes published around 1898 by the *Association Francaise*, M. Wander, a scientist, wrote: "A violent storm has descended upon the commune of Beugnon. I happened to be passing through a farm in which two children of about 12 and 13 were playing. I saw these children take refuge from the rain under the roof of a stable, in which were 25 oxen. In the courtyard grew a poplar.

"Suddenly there appeared a globe of fire, the size of an apple, near the top of the poplar. We saw it descend branch by branch, and then down the trunk. It moved along the courtyard very slowly, picking its way, and came to the door where stood the children. One of them touched it. Immediately a terrible crash shook the entire farm to its foundations. The children were thrown back, uninjured — but 11 of the oxen were fell dead."

This is not the only story which tells of human life spared amid other destruction, and people came to believe that the mysterious spheres were *heavenly bodies capable of pity for man!* Of course, this idea was scoffed at by many others.

In the town of Gray, on July 7, 1886, a luminous ball from 30 to 40 centimeters in diameter jumped to the roof of a home and ripped off the corner. In this case, unlike so many others, the fireball didn't disintegrate after a single act of destruction. It rebounded to the home's outside stairs, crushing the slates. Still it retained its shape, crawled into the midst of a group of passers-by who had stopped to watch the queer sight. These persons, in a body, took off down the road. The perverse object seemed to pursue them momentarily; then it vanished without a sound.

Bishop Gregory of Tours, in his *La Gloire des Confesseurs*, told of a dedication ceremony before an oratory he had built. Priests, deacons and sub-deacons, town officials and citizens were witnesses to the phenomenon in this instance. They were stopped in their singing of litanies when a ball of brilliant fire appeared overhead. It remained suspended above them for a few minutes. "This globe of fire did no amage and burnt nothing," the eport concluded.

According to the Abbe Spalnzani, on August 29, 1791, a young peasant woman was in the field during a storm when a previously unnoticed fireball reached her feet. It "caressed them," then rose up into her garments, blowing up her petticoats "like an umbrella." It issued again from the center of her bodice, darted upward and exploded in the air. Two witnesses ran to her. She complained of no pain. An examination showed a slight erosion of the skin, reaching from her right to her left breast.

The following incident appears in the *Memoirs of DuBellay:* "On March 3, 1557, Diane of France, illegitimate daughter of Henry II, then the Dauphin, married Francois de Montmorency. On the night of their wedding an oscillating flame came into their bedroom through the window, danced from corner to corner and finally to the nuptial bed, where it burnt Diane's hair and night attire. It did no other harm."

There's scant if any scientific substantiation that these fireballs really existed. But before we label these stories as fabricated in the mill of European superstition let us examine the story of a reliable American, M. Laurence Roth, director of the Blue Hill Observatory in 1903. He was visiting Paris on September 4 of that year. At 10 p.m. he happened to be looking toward the Eiffel Tower from the Rond-point of the Champs Elysees. The tower was suddenly struck by white lightning — simultaneously he spied a flaming sphere edging downward to the second platform. Roth claimed the ball was about a yard in diameter, and that it covered some 100 yards in a matter of seconds and then vanished completely.

Careful study of the subject of fireballs has led other learned men to conclude they must be some form of lightning not yet understood, for hadn't they usually appeared during storms? But Roth's story caused researchers to scratch their heads. Scientists already understood that lightning was atmospheric electricity, capable of being conducted safely to the ground by simple metal rods or metal structures. In the case of the Eiffel Tower, a next-day checkup by Roth revealed it had been struck two times by lightning which undoubtedly had been grounded

instantly. Why had the fireball independently refused the attraction of the steel in the tower?

This is not the only instance in which fireballs have ignored conductors. The spherical flames have skipped over bells, steeples and telegraph wires even when almost close enough to touch the objects.

Dr. W. J. Humphreys reported in 1936 that supposed fireball witnesses were "subject to optical illusions." He said the glare of light from a lightning flash was retained in the retina of the eye. When a person's eyeball moved, he would imagine the sphere moved before him, seemingly yards away. The scientific assumption is that the crash said to follow the gamboling of a fireball is "probably due to another lightning stroke nearby."

A few years earlier in Hamburg, Germany, another investigator, Walter Brand, decided to probe, carefully and objectively, 600 reports of what he called "ball lightning." He discarded many of the reports as hallucination — but 215 reports seemed to prove the reality of the phenomena.

Probably no other group today is doing more research on lightning than the General Electric Company in its observatory at Pittsfield, Mass. Engineer Julius H Hagenguth declares, "We hav taken thousands of photographs lightning and as yet have to obta one of ball lightning." Based on h own experience Hagenguth h only skepticism for the existen of fireballs.

If they are real, are they electricity or some other undiscovered atmospheric phenomena? Do they occur in time cycles only? Is the same perhaps true of flying saucers? We are all capable of listing our own questions — plenty of them! One question might well be: can so many people have been wrong?

LUCK OR FATE?

RECENTLY I filled two baskets full of discarded papers and set fire to them a few hundred feet from the office. That night I missed a valued memorandum essential in the formation of a forthcoming document. Immediately I concluded it had fallen amid the discards and had been destroyed.

Early the following morning a voice seemed to advise, "Go look around your bonfire." I did. And there, fully three feet removed from the edge of the completely burned area, lay my precious, unharmed memorandum. It was the sole survivor from among 400 or 500 miscellaneous sheets of paper.

Was it luck or fate? — *Roy Clyde Weidler*

I could see a large shiny object resting on the water. . . . It looked like two saucers stuck together.

Steep Rock Flying Saucer

Reprinted from the Steep Rock Echo

A flying saucer that lands on water, apparently is manned by robots, and that behaves mysteriously in other ways, is reported in one of the most remarkable accounts of strange aerial phenomena to come our way.

The following article consists of a letter published in the Steep Rock Echo, a house magazine of the enormous Steep Rock Iron Mines, Limited, of Steep Rock Lake, Ontario. It has been reprinted elsewhere, as far as we know, only in a few Canadian newspapers, including the Port Arthur News Chronicle and the Fort William Times-Journal.

The article was originally published in the September and October 1950 issues of the Steep Rock Echo, and is reprinted with the permission of B. J. Eyton, editor, who is also chief chemist of the big mining company. Mr. Eyton comments as follows:

"I cannot verify the story one way or the other. It was written by a senior employee of the mine. However, about that time flying saucers were seen by a number of people in this locality . . . Men in groups working in the mine at Steep Rock saw them at night, and many residents of the town of Atikokan gave eye-

witness accounts of the saucers. They were seen in different localities all the way from here to the Lakehead cities of Fort William and Port Arthur 140 miles away. One was flashed by Canadian National Railways station operators all along the line until it reached here. Then it turned back again. There was not the slightest doubt in the minds of eyewitnesses that what they had seen were flying saucers."

Dear Editor:

We have refrained from reporting this before, as people make so much fun of one who reports these things. However, all the ballyhoo about "flying saucers" has passed, and people perhaps have time to think more calmly. Attached is what my wife and I saw in the dusk of the evening of July 2, 1950.

"For the last couple of years my wife and I have done a lot of fishing on the flood waters, and this year was no exception. We invariably fish up into Sawbill Bay, and end up at a tiny cove, a very pretty place — for the flood waters. The location of this cove, in my opinion, plays an important part in our being able to see what we did.

"As you enter this cove off the main bay the land narrows, with great rock outcrops, till it is only a hundred yards or so wide. The rocks on the left or west side curve away after you enter into typical rough timber shoreline; the land on the right 'hooks' away so that immediately after entering the Bay and going a short distance you can keep going right, like turning into the curve of the letter 'C'. From the bottom end of the C the shore then sweeps around to the northeast, curving perhaps a mile away to join the western shoreline that curves in to meet it.

"We had drawn the boat well up on the small sandy shore of the cove, the barriers of rocks rising on all three sides around us. Small trees and brush hid the boat from overhead should anyone have been looking from the air. We had our snack and a thermos of tea and were talking about getting home, as it would be dark by the time we landed, when we felt the air vibrate. My first thought was blasting, as it was like a mine blast that pushes the air. My next thought was that it couldn't be, as we were too far away. Something — I don't know what — made me climb up, maybe 10 feet, to look over the Bay.

"Looking through a cleft in the rock I could see a large shiny object resting on the water in the curve of the far shoreline, not a quarter of a mile away across the top end of the narrows. I made a dive back to where my wife was — she took one look at me and said, 'What's wrong?' I tried to be calm and told her of what I had seen. We both climbed back up and looked out through the opening. It was still there. It looked like two saucers stuck together, one upside down on top of the other. Round, black-edged ports appeared to be

about four feet apart around the edge. As the bottom was resting on the water or close to it, it was impossible for us to see the under side.

"The top had what looked like hatch covers open and moving around over its surface were about 10 queer-looking little figures. Rotating slowly from a central position and about eight feet in the air was a hoop-shaped object. As it rotated to a point directly opposite us it stopped — so did the figures. Everything seemed to concentrate on the opening we looked through. We instinctively ducked at that moment. Looking over my right shoulder to see how fast we could get down, I caught a movement in the bushes. Beyond us, on the upward side of the cove, a deer came out to the water's edge and stood there. We took another peek. Figures and circle were pointed at the deer. As the circle began to move to the left we ducked, counted 20 and peeked again. The thing was circling and the figures moving and every time it passed the deer it kept on as if they were quite happy about it — then we ducked. We believe to this day that we were shielded from the ray or whatever it was by the wall of rock we ducked behind.

"We could then see that the whole thing seemed to be operated from a central point below the circling ray, by a figure on a small stand. This figure had a red skull cap on — or maybe paint. All the other caps were dark blue. These figures I estimated to be roughly 3 feet 6 inches to 4 feet high and all were the same size. All were dressed the same, with a shiny metallic substance over the chest, while the legs and arms were of a darker material. It was impossible to see their faces — if they had any — it looked like blank surface to me.

"The most noticeable thing was that they moved like automatons, and did not turn around — that is right around — they just changed the direction of their feet. Walking on the angle of the surface the leg on the high side seemed to go shorter so that they did not walk with a limp. I watched one of these figures pick up the end of a hose (a very vivid green), lift it while facing one way, and start off to walk the other. During all this a very quiet "hum" filled the air and they seemed to be drawing in water and discharging just as much. Whether they were extracting something from the water I can't say.

"The next time we looked everything had disappeared from the surface of the machine and it was about eight feet in the air. A red-and-blue tinged-with-gold color shone on the surface of the water. At this point it looked to be about 15 feet thick at the center and about 12 feet at the edges. It tilted to about a 45° angle; there was a rush of wind (like the wind before a storm), a flash of yellow, red-blue

and it was gone, heading northward faster than the eye could follow.

"It was almost dark but I turned the boat into the Bay, passing near where the object had been — I had lined up two trees to give me some idea of its diameter. I estimated this to be 48 feet.

"I've been back twice since and the last time as I came out through the narrows I felt the wind (like the wind before a storm) again, and something flashed beyond the trees. We didn't see what it was and my wife said, 'Let's go home and never come back here again.'

"I had no intention of doing that and on the way home the flying saucer kept coming into my mind.

"After thinking it over for a day or two, I decided to take a friend into my confidence. He agreed to go with me and look the place over. We did this under the pretext of fishing and I pointed out the bay, the cove, the cleft in the rock and even the paper cups we had used for our tea.

"We each had a camera and our idea was to take pictures. This was not as easy as we thought, as it meant dashing from work, when we could get away, to Camp 5, loading up the boat and going to Sawbill Bay. That made it late by the time we got there. After three evenings of lying peering through the cleft in the rock we decided to quietly row along the shore.

"I'd say I rowed that boat 100 miles in the next few weeks. At first the slightest breeze made us jump and reach for a camera but in the finish it was just hard work. By this time we had given up all idea of sneaking up on anything. Our idea was to cut across the mouth of the Bay with the outboard going and take a chance on seeing the 'Saucer'.

"A fairly strong wind was blowing out of the Bay — from the north — making the water quite choppy across the narrows and I suppose this was part of the reason why we weren't heard sooner.

"It all happened in split seconds. There was the 'Saucer', in the same spot. I swung the boat into the wind, my friend made a dive for his camera and I for mine, while trying to hold the boat into the wind. My hand was so stiff from the cold and from holding the steering control that I couldn't manage the camera. My friend was trying to stand up while the boat bobbed up and down. The result was neither of us even had a chance at a picture. All my friend could keep repeating was, 'By George, at least I've seen it!'

"They must have heard us just before we came in sight. At the second I spotted it figures were disappearing into hatches. The circular affair that rotated had disappeared, the hose, reeling in, was just a flash of green. There was a terrific high pitched whiz, almost a blast, and it was gone. One little

figure that had been near the water's edge on the thing, and I imagine by the end of the hose, was only about half way back when it took off. Our impression was that something fell off when it was half way down the Bay.

"Our motor had conked out and after we did get it going, it ran hot and we had to come home at slow speed. We were late getting in. Both our wives were upset, so that since then we've given it up — for this year at least."

Editor Eyton then added this:

"Some months ago a Steep Rock fisherman, who goes up to the flood waters to Sawbill Lake quite frequently, mentioned casually to the editor a couple of things which at the time seemed not particularly important. However, in view of the Flying Saucer account, they might be worth passing on.

"He said that one night, returning home during the flood waters in the dusk, he saw what he thought was a meteorite streak down in the direction of Sawbill Bay and disappear. He also remarked upon the queer fluorescent, greenish color in one of the inlets in upper Sawbill Bay where he was fishing one afternoon. He wondered if the coloration was due to some particular mineral in the vicinity. He said he couldn't catch any fish there at all, though they were biting everywhere else in the lake.

"Another frequenter of the same flood waters wrote as follows: 'When I was leaving Sawbill Bay in the dusk one evening, I heard a sound like the noise a flock of ducks make, and at the same time what I thought was a shooting star flash across the Bay.' He goes on to say that a week later, while fishing in one of the coves, he noticed the water had a curious greenish tinge, and he was mystified to find a number of dead fish floating around in the water."

BAD LUCK OPERA

CERTAIN works of music seem to bring bad luck to their performers. One of Jacques Halevy's operas, *Charles IV*, has become so feared by singers that it has practically disappeared from European repertoires. Eugene Massol, a French tenor, sang the title role three nights in a row and at each performance a person in the audience suddenly died. In 1858 Napoleon II expressed a desire to see the work and Massol finally agreed to sing the role again. On the evening of the performance, with the Emperor in attendance, a bomb exploded in the auditorium killing several people. Again the opera had been an omen for bad luck. — *Paul Steiner*

© MEDICAL ECONOMICS, INC.

"Seymour, don't pick that up. You don't know where it's been."